

IN THE REALM OF LITERATURE AND ART.



BOOK REVIEWS.

MY STORY. By Hall Caine. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. "My Story" is so interwoven with the niscence of his friends. There is an opening glimpse of the Isle of Man and of another, all the time leading to a com- trait Gainsborough painted, the tart old gaged man he is at low ebb in the lest the reader might think it a tale of the entire world. And there are other happiness of the two people who have hands. However, she summoned to its pages. It seems such a pity to mate distaste when the narrative turns upon prentice in Liverpool; as a struggling it should center, in Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the poet-painter whose genius made readers if he had been less partial to that of gobbling like a turkey. The main untold. Mr. Snaith tells it too well. The conception of a hidden house where him famous, whose ecceptricities made him enemies and whose sufferings made him great. The world already knew, to the very last detail, of the public triumphs and tragedies that brightened and blackened Rossetti's career, but it has ARAMINTA. By J. C. Snaith, author of Cheriton is a creation of the most deliremained for Mr. Caine to sketch in the lights and shadows of a private personality only to be obtained by one who was a housemate and confidential friend. Through Rossetti the interest of the book reaches out in every direction to the wing of her chaperonage the best Araminta because Caroline Crewkerne. A novel reader is justified in refusing take in the brilliant men and women who made up the art and literary circles of the London of his day. It is Rossetti him-

self who tells young Caine, in words as realistic as a snapshot, of George Eliot, with her long, weird, horsey face, a good woman"; of Mrs. Carlyle, "a clever but rather bitter little woman with the one redeeming quality of unostentatious charity"; of Browning, who was "spruce, almost dapper, wearing gloves that seemed to have grown on his shapely hands"; of of Longfellow, "the old bard"; of Ruskin, Burne-Jones and Oscar Wilde. The Wilkie Collins, one of which is not so pleasant, as it reveals the novelist's doubtless open secrets, but despite the fact that Mr. Caine refers to both with greatest delicacy and as if he disliked to are precise in treatment and especially touch upon them, he will doubtless be direct. At times he employs heavy body two sides to this question. And, like layer upon layer, but not infrequently every other question, it depends upon the he resorts to light washes and permits point of view. In reference to his four the tint of his paper in places to remain visits to this country. Mr. Caine says, untouched. This lends agreeable variety among other nice things; "I love America to Mr. Dyer's work, but does not militate because it is big, and because its bigness against its individuality. His viewpoint is constantly impressing the imagination is distinctly his own, and all of his paintand stimulating the heart. I love its peo- ings have the same characteristics. The ple, because they are free with a freedom subjects he has chosen are chiefly landwhich the rest of the world takes as by scapes and marines, though groups of city stealth; I love them because they are the buildings, grown toneful through age, ne most industrious, earnest, active and in- has also found alluring. Primarily, his picgenious people on earth-because they are tures have two things to commend themthe most moral, religious, and, above all, first a pictorial quality, and, second, corthe most sober people in the world."

pressible interviewer of the space-rate nificant. When he paints a broad stretch Hall taine considered that the upper the color harmonies as well as the vital part of ms face was like Shakespeare's truth of nature; and when he transcribes and that the lower part resembled the the sea it is not only to try his own

SOCIAL LIFE AT ROME IN THE AGE he succeeds. His landscapes, depicting OF CICERO. By W. Warde Fowler, leafless tress and brown fields beneath M.A., author of "The City-State of gray windy skles, are big in suggestion the Greeks and Romans." New York: and uncommonly complete in both treat-

The author, in a prefatory note, calls attention to the fact that the age of but genuinely subtle. It is good to be Cicero is a critical moment in the history given the opportunity to see such work. of Graeco-Roman civilization, and that in the Ciceronian correspondence of more than nine hundred contemporary letters No money has been appropriated for New Museum building, to stand in a way down fown. It is a civic portrait already been laid, and the statue, which we have the richest treasure house of No mural decorations in the New Nameasure as the emblem of that institution. social life that has survived from any period of classical antiquity.

From this wealth of material and other literature of the time the author has produced an important work which he modestly presents as "merely an attempt to supply an educational want." The average reader likes to insist that instructive books are correspondingly dull. If that were so this one, at least, would represent the exception, for from the first to the last of the eleven chapters each supplies its pictures of the life, customs, work and play, religion and laws of a period which in some respects, at least, is as important as any in the his-

tory of the Roman empire.

The author, as guide, requests his reader to "dismiss all handbooks from his mind and to concentrate it on Aeneas and his ships on their way from the sea to the site of the Eternal City." This means to enter Rome, as Virgil's hero did. by way of the River Tiber; an imaginary voyage which has, for the student, at least, its advantage over a modern railway whose windows show only the Rome of today. To follow so capable a leader is to see visit that gives one successive views of mine. I see it, but three knots have is Hana. We are children of the mother watched and hearkened like a hungry has not the spirit of the Inkosazana the old noble families, with their pursuit been tied therein. They are three great of the trees; we are high priests of the wolf. of pleasure and neglect of duty; of the lower population, "who dwelt mainly in the lower ground;" of the men of bustholidays and amusements of the upper unfolded many layers of leaves. Within final glimpse at the temples of a religion whose deities were failing to satisfy a Noie laid the hair upon the head of own blood who whispered a strange tale of the Zulus." nation that was already on the eve of Rachel-it was hers. Then she showed it in the ear of the mother of the trees, a realizing the existence of the soul and its to the king and his council, who stared

To the value of the text is added a map at the knots, not knowing what to say, nodded toward Rachel seated on her of Rome in the last years of the republic, and, after they had looked at it, refolded stool. and several plans, one of them illustrat- it in the leaves and returned the packet but first thou must fix the fee." ing the position of Cicero's villa.

THE CENTURY OF THE CHILD. By Now the dwarf who had read the pic-Ellen Key. New York: G. P. Put- ture in his bowl turned to him who sat nam's Sons. Washington: Wood- nearest and asked: ward & Lothrop.

That the child is the supreme factor in The man stared at the limpid water and human existence is demonstrated by the answered: compel the serious consideration of those king and his councilors talking to a there. men and women who do the world's white man with evil eyes and the face of thinking. For parents who approve of a hawk, who has been wounded on the that we may join it to the spirit again. their own methods of rearing children the head and foot. I read their lips. They Now the council murmured, but Dinideas advanced will seem revolutionary in bargain together; it is of the bringing of gaan replied; that they conflict at nearly every point an old prophet and his wife hither by

To ignore a child's individuality; to in a house and with them Zulus. By the alternately caress and threaten and bribe; command of the white man with the evil in the one who punishes him for those head is bald and his wife dies upon the to refuse a request and then immediately slays one of the Zulus with smoke that grant it; to push him aside at one time comes from an iron tube." and at another to kiss him until he is When he heard all this Dingaan enough? disgusted; to make a liar and coward of groaned, but the dwarf who had spoken, him through fear, and a hypocrite by taking no heed of him, said to the third promise of reward—these are a few of the dwarf: ordeals of average childhood which, the "What seest thou, priest?" to which writer declares, would drive most men that dwarf answered: In the opening chapter on "The Right of a hut, but her spirit has fled from her; a withered hand who sat close to him, the Child to Choose His Parents" there it has fled from her to haunt the trees listening and noting all things, but sayare statements resulting from years of In her hand is a spear and below is the ing nothing, and said: experience in child study, which, if car- white man with the evil eyes, held by ried out, would forever free the world Zulus. I read her words: She says that whom nature never intended to exist. The said the word; "yes, blood between her told how he alone among the people of chance he also will see something." unnecessary distortions and sufferings in- spirit and the people of the Zulus. She flicted by ignorant or conscienceless moth- prophesies evil to them. I see the ill; I ers leads the writer to a very frank ex- see many burnt in a great fire. I see pression of her views of love in its re- many drowned in an angry river. I see

lation to child bearing. Granting the blessing of the kinder- I see her spirit call up the locusts from garten for those mothers who work, the the coast land. I see it bring disaster writer, in a chapter, "The School of the on their arms: I see it scatter plague Future," believes that young children among their cattle; I see a dim shape will be taught at home. "The kinder- that it summons striding toward this garten is only a factory," where a group land. It travels fast over a winter veld, of children, regardless of temperament, and the head of it is the head of a skull are taught to do the same things. The and the name of it is famine." Freebel dictum, "Let us live for the chil- As he ended his words the three dwarfs

dren," must be changed to "Let us allow bent forward and with one movement the children to live. She considers that high schools and to the ground, saying: colleges are absolutely destructive to per- "Earth, earth, drink and bear the decoying of Rachel into Zululand and Inkosazana." sonality, and bespeaks for coming genera- record of these visions!"

tions an individual culture for individual education" of today.

Lynde, author of "The Quickening," body shook with hoarse laughter. etc. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

When an irrigation company insists and your huts that open, and your bowls upon locating its dam in such a manner as to threaten the inundation of the

of water. But for all that they are only tongue of the king, thou who art named horses. Oh! they are gone, tricks, since Noie or others have told you Mopo or Umbopa, son of Makedama; thou Eddo waved his hand, saying the control of the saying the saying the control of the saying the control of the saying the saying the control of the saying the control of the saying the ner as to threaten the inundation of the of these things that happened in the past, forgettest certain words which the Inkopalatial home of a cattle "king" who Now if you are wizards indeed, read me sazana whispered to thee when she threw seest, king." has pronounced views upon the rights the riddle of the words of the Inkosazana her cloak about thy head ere thou fieddest *For cattle kings are strenuous people because of the evil acts of the wolf course we do not know the words, but said: as a rule, and even more strenuous are Ibubesi. Show me the answer to them in why dost thou not repeat them, tongue of "I the men who serve them. In Mr. your bowls of water. little men, or be the king?" Lynde's stirring story of the west these driven hence as cheats and liars. Also Mopo stared at them and his teeth chatelements of dramatic action are pres- tell us your names by which we may tered, then he answered: ent. There is a strong dash of mystery know you." good-looking young engineer goes out the three dwarfs gathered themselves of my own death, which is a little mat- girl." from Boston to take charge of a work under one umbrella and spoke to each ter.

predecessors and those of numerous looking of the daughters of her long- was negotiating with George Betterton to take seriously the work of a writer story of others that the book is less an truculent old "King of Arcadia," who woman appeared, a blonde goddess semblance of sentiment as she con- comedy this line of writing might be autobiography of Mr. Caine than a remi- has caused the corporation so much without a suspicion of mental endow- sumed the cream buns which were her excusable. But this is a story of life the small boy who was to endear it to plication which threatens to wreck the lady found she had a problem on her estimate of the peruser of these witty the Boer war, are remembered with glimpses of the boy as an architect's ap- chiefly engaged the reader's sympathy, solution her old friend Lord Cheriton, twenty with sixty-five. Yet Jim Las- such altogether serious propositions as young writer in London; as a foremost happenings which have created a pain- situation with tact and grace. Then, giving her penurious family a chance his head in place of the usual wax efnovelist of the day. Interest centers, how- ful impression in all minds. Mr. Lynde also, came George Betterton, a duke to get on in the world. Then Cheriton figy. Mr. Nesbit writes well when he ever, as one feels that the author intended would have insured a clearer apprecia- with much wealth and an abominable verifies the early estimates of his char- puts aside his ill-advised role of joker fect is somewhat confusing.

York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

power, but to manifest its spaciousness,

ment and composition; while his tran-

scriptions of the ocean are in many in-

instances not only delightfully veracious.

A Story of Darkest Africa.

CHAPTER XVIII-Continued.

"What seest thou, priest?"

"I see the white one yonder standing on

the demons of sickness lay hold of many.

seized their bowls and emptied them on

portunity for delightful craftsmanship, dialogue and the fiction of manners. "Broke of Covenden," etc. New cate humor. He is the god in the machine. The guileless reader may think he discerns in him only goodness un-When the acid old Countess of Crew- alloyed, but Cheriton proves to be kerne decided to bring to London under merely intelligently selfish. He wanted

subordinates. A "hoodoo" haunts the dead sister, whose marriage with a and because Betterton was showing who does not take himself or his story job. He finds conditions to his taste in clergyman caused her to be formally signs of wanting the girl himself, seriously. Here is a dramatic theme the main, especially as the young forgotten, she little knew what a situ- Meanwhile, Lascelles was painting Ara- and here are some well drawn charwoman upon whom his heart has been ation she was creating. She had never minta's portrait and falling more deeply acters, with a vivid setting. Yet the focusing for some time appears in the heard of Jim Lascelles, painter. She in love with her with every stroke of author persists from the second line in neighborhood of the construction camp, had no idea of what her rural niece his brush, while Araminta was develop- treating both his story and his reader none other than the daughter of the would prove to be. When the young ing, if not a will of her own, at least a jocosely, even flippantly. If it were a difficulty. With a brisk progression the ment, but a veritable reproduction of reward for sitting still. When Chari- and death, a veritable tragedy, and the tale advances from one adventure to the famous family beauty whose por- ton finally assumes the role of the en- trifling assurances of the early pages. Suddenly comes a catastrophe, and then with his exquisite taste in dress and celles thinks it a pity to prevent the murder of a man, his beheading and the explanation of all the mysterious art and his talent for carrying off every twenty from marrying a fortune and the dance of a "Salome" performer with HOW ABRAHAM LINCOLN BECAME tion of characters in the minds of his reputation and a single accomplishment, acter. Just how he does so must re- and proceeds with his work seriously. the second letter of the alphabet. With rivalry of these two old beaux for the with too many delightful touches, to the dancer who has captured London is Ballard. Bromley. Bigelow and Black- hand of Araminta Perry, whose folks warrant a hint in this connection. "Ara- mysteriously domiciled is an excellent lock all prominently in action the cf- all called her Goose, "because she was minta" will be read with the keenest stimulant to the imagination. In his rather a silly," offers Mr. Snaith an op- delight by all who are fond of clever character outline he shows unmistak-

E. Nesbit, author of "The Incomplete Amorist," etc. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

able power. His presentation of "John Smith, chauffeur," is admirable.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

STEPS ALONG THE PATH. By Katherine H. Newcomb, author of "Helps to Right Living." Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

thor of the "Wood Carver of Lynpus. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. THE CLIMBING DOOM. By Laurence Ditto Young. Illustrations by Albert M. Sterling. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

Stenographers. Typewriters, Operators and Clerks. By William Hickox. Boston: Lee & Shepard Company

PRESIDENT. By J. McCan Davis, author of "The Breaking of the Deadlock," etc. Springfield, Ill.: The Illinois Company.

MISS MINERVA AND WILLIAM GREEN HILL. By Frances Boyd Calhoun. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company. PARCIMONY IN NUTRITION. By Si

Wagnalls Company. THE BANKING AND CURRENCY

PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES. By Victor Morawetz. New NERVOUSNESS—A BRIEF AND POPU-

NEWS AND N extremely interesting collection tional Museum, but, through the gener- This is indeed good news, for without is admirably handled-the composition is summer. It is the work of William Couper news, for without is admirably handled-the composition is summer. It is the work of William Couper of water colors by H. Anthony osity of an art patron, a painting by John doubt American builders up to the pres- good. It was for just such a rainy street of New York, the sculptor who modeled Dyer of Providence, R. I. is Elliott, who, with his wife, Maud Howe ent time have almost totally failed to scene as this, it will be deal an exhibition been given permanent place as a Elliott, has so long been numbered with realize the possibilities in these directions. Mr. Warner was awarded at an exhibition been given permanent place as a Elliott, has so long been numbered with realize the possibilities in these directions. now on exhibition at the V. G. the American colony at Rome, will adorn The British Iton appears in many guises of the Washington Water Color Club a memorial in the District building, and it Fischer galleries. Mr. Dyer, one of the principal halls. This paint in our public places, but the American prize, and by which he is represented in represents the gentle American poet son, who loved the simple things of life; who is a member of the Boston Society of Water Color Painters, and of and of the Tides" and is entitled "Di- equally well be adapted, are seldom seen tion. author, too, has delightful personal recol- the Providence Art and Water Color the Roman correspondent of the London dens. Having passed our kindergarten lections of a visit to Blackmore, and he Clubs, studied in Holland under Weis- Times as follows: "A new and original days, it is surely almost time to cease borgives also an account of other visits to senbruch, and shows in his works the in- presentment of Diana as the influencer rowing ideas of other nations. of the tides is given. The moment is fluence of the Dutch school. He is, that when the moon is up, but day is weakness for drugs. That Collins was however, a versatile painter, and alters not yet gone; the Moon goodess, a fair, addicted to laudanum and that Rossetti his style according to his need. Some virginal figure in class: draperies, drives had a line weakness for chloral were of his pictures are rendered in an exdoubtless open secrets, but despite the ceedingly broad manner, whereas others with great accuracy and vigor, seeming to reproduce the curves of the waves criticised for so doing. There are at least color, piling up his paint, as it were, which break upon the shore around them. and color. The lines of the picture are most decorative, and the whole composition shows a strong, refined imagination, and great freshness of conception and a place at the east end of the east hall, where it will have appropriate setting, has been provided for it.

THE LADY OF THE HEAVENS

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

force. I see the prophet and his wife dwelt the Inkosazana of the Zulus. But

In a good-natured fling at the irre- are clever and inherently they are sigits intrinsic charm. And in these aims ed to the purpose. Indeed, a sculptor of

gray-people, the dream-people, who rule-

cause thou sentest a messenger of our

tale of one of whom we knew already but

desired to see," and all three of them

'What do you demand, ghost-people?"

asked Dingaan. "Cattle are somewhat

scarce here just now and wives, I think,

would be of little use to you. What is

there then that you desire and I can

They looked at each other; then Eddo

"We ask for the white one who sits

sald, pointing with his thin hand upon

with us already, and we ask her body

herself of her own will. Moreover, first

the divination, other the pay. Is that

"It is enough," they answered, speaking

altogether. "Set out the matter, king of

that as was the spirit of the Inkosazana

of the interview between her and the

who all this while sat as though they

"Because they have nothing to do with

which he knew so was this maiden.

they are the same.'

like to this. Only Dingaan stared down Inkosazana, and the answer that she

said, "with your giants and your boughs light-it was Eddo-said:

which the nails grew long:

"We will read thy riddle, O king,

Elliott, who, with his wife, Maud Howe ent time have almost totally failed to scene as this, it will be remembered, that the bust of Mr. C. S. Noyes, which has ana of the Tides," and is described by save in parks adjacent to zoological gar-

four tides, toward us in the mysterious Winthrop Peirce, vice president of the Copley Society of Boston. Thirty-two water colors and three color drawings are shown, all of which are of a moderately interest. opaline light, the horses, which are drawn ley Society of Boston. Thirty-two water all of which are of a moderately interest- tion. To be sure, it comes late in the special invitation, be shown in the asand which are admirable in their quality ing character. They are both figure season, but only a week later than the sembly hall of the Cosmos Club. For a paintings and landscapes. The former are, however, more numerous than the New York, today. It should awaken wide latter. Mr. Peirce uses strong, rich color interest and be given hearty support. treatment." This picture has been painted and pictures most attractively children at expressly for the National Museum, and play. His work has, perhaps, an illustrative tendency, but it also has art quality.

NEXT Thursday evening, March 18, a had a studio here. She makes a specialty lection of books in the District Public Some of his landscapes are subtle and lecture on "William Hogarth and His of portraits and paints with force and Library are a considerable number of his-Some of his landscapes are subtle and lecture on "William Hogarth and His of political books of those treating the hispleasing, but others are rather crude and Engravings" will be given in the Audiimmature. As a whole the exhibition, torium of the Masonic Temple, before the coran gallery's recent exhibition and an-T is not generally known that one of though not especially notable, is well worthy of remark.

which was painted by Everett L. Warner at the time of his lecture some of the exwhen recently in this city, has attracted amples of Hogarth's work in his own where it is now on exhibition. The obno less distinction than Alexander Phimister Proctor was given the commission for this work, and the result is in every respect satisfactory. The bison head respect satisfactory. The bison head lights appear in the windows of the creat

ception in the hemicycle hell of the Cor- novation, for but scant tribute has been coran Gallery of Art, and the promise is publicly paid to our great heroes of peace. IMPROPER PRUE. By Gloria Manning. of a good display. There has been much which opens in the Fine Arts building,

John Frederick Lewis of Philadelphia. Mr. Academy. At her studio last week some week the first installment of new German sober people in the world."

good-natured fling at the irreinterviewer of the space-rate
recalls the audacious statement of open country windswept and bare it is

as coming from him, that Mr.

sober people in the world."

The last things Mr. Roosevelt did bethe last things Mr. Roosevelt did be his purpose to bring with him and exhibit

> which he modeled 's from the naturalists' lights appear in the windows of the great present disfigure the little triangular strong, pictorial and characteristic. That standpoint correct, but in order that it stone structure on the corner and in the might serve as a decorative motive it has shops adjacent, the reflections of which might serve as a decorative motive it has shops adjacent, the reliections of which heen reduced to a type-conventionalized, trail across the broad wet street. A car and 16th streets. This is where the Long-easy to believe that such scenery as So pre-eminently excellent was this work has just passed on its way toward the fellow statue is to stand and these are Greece affords would have engendered that Mr. Proctor has been asked to model Treasury and a pedestrian or two under the tokens of its speedy erection. In- noble aspiration. This is a side of art another to be used ornamentally in the sheltering umbrellas are making their deed, the foundation for its pedestal has not frequently touched upon and yet of New Museum building, to stand in a way down fown. It is a civic portrait already been laid, and the statue, which definite significance,

supports, in a measure, his head-in the THE A B C OF TAXATION, With Bosother he holds an open book. Judging THE Society of Washington Artists from a photograph, it is strongly modeled and gravely dignified—a monument which opens its annual exhibition next Sat- will really do honor to the poet and the urday evening with a private view and re- nation. In its way this is a pleasing in-

National Academy of Designs show, number of years Miss Critcher, who is a daughter of the late Judge Critcher of Alexandria, and a pupil of the Corcoran School and the Art Students' League of this city, has conducted an art school in Paris, but for the past winter she has National Society of the Fine Arts, by Mr. other is now on view in the Pennsylvania able state and regional histories. This beside a handsome greyhound.

A N interesting exhibition of photo-graphs of Greece and Greek life is in Schliemann, Heinrich. Troy and Its Remains.

toward each other and said, each to the ered hand, started up, then sat down touch of Noie's hand and the sound of "Hearest thou, priest, and hearest ing to Dingaan that none noticed his ness got hold of her, and she broke out thou, priest, and hearest thou, priest? He movements save Noie and the priests of into those bursts of wild laughter which F326-P317f. that the words were of his own the ghosts. death and have nothing to do with the

should fall upon the Boers or let them another that is thin and short. They be; of how she had searched the heavens drag him up the mountain to a great traveled them and burst over the kraal who sits thereon. They speak with him, Umgugundhlovu, that star which she but I cannot see their faces, for they are said was thrown by the hand of the wrapped in mist, or the face of the fat great-great, the Umkulunkulu, and of man, for that also is wrapped in mist. how she had sworn that she also heard They hale him to the edge of the cleft, and mountain and saw the rivers behind the mist is swept from his face. Ah! it is them running red with blood. Lastly he my own face! told of how she had refused to add to or take from her words or to set out their men to his fellow in the dead silence "King of the Zulus, I am Eddo, this meaning. Mopo then sat himself down that followed. "Priest, this king says that

"Ye have heard, ghost-men," said the by dreams and wisdom, not by spears as king. "Now, if ye are really wise in-"Open," said the dwarf to Noie, who thou dost, O king. We are the ghost terpret to us the meaning of this saying ness and their methods; of the education, cut the fiber binding the packet and kings whom the ghosts obey, we are the of the Inkosazana and of the running masters of the dead and the readers of star which none can read."

hearts. Those are our names and titles, The priests awoke and consulted the last leaf was a golden hair, and in it O king. We have traveled hither be- each other, then Eddo said: "This matter is too high for us,

any common doctor, repeat the gossip evil wizards, bidding them begone from that ye have heard and pretend that it is his land. He raved at them, he threata message from heaven. Now why should ened them, he cursed them again and

not whip you from my town with rods again. till ye see that red blood which ye so smiled till he grew weary and ceased. At the mention of the word blood, the little men seemed to curl up like cut the dew of our trees and henceforth she grass before a fire; then Eddo smiled, a belongs to the trees. Is it not so, priest?" sickly smile, and answered:

are but poor cheats, yet we will do our a shrill commanding voice, saying: best, we, or another for us. A new bowl. "O man, thou that art called a king We think that her spirit dwells a big bowl, a red bowl for the red king, and causest much blood to flow, thou As he piped out the words a man from blood, thou slayer that shalt be slain, among their company appeared with a thou thrower of spears upon whom the vessel much larger than those into which spear shall fall, thou who shalt look they had gazed, and made of beautiful, upon the face of stone that knows not polished, blood-hued wood that gleamed pity, thou whom the earth shall swallow, in the sunlight. Eddo took it in his hand thou who shalt perisa at the hands ofto let him see untruthfulness and temper eyes the Zulus kill the prophet whose joined together again, mayhap the curses from the gourd; the last drop of the priest," broke in the other two dwarfs, would be taken off our heads. Yet we water filled it to the brim. Then the peeping up at him from beneath the faults; to make promises and break them; bed. Before they kill the prophet he dare not give her to you, unless she gives three of them muttered invocations over shadow of their umbrellas; "surely the it and Eddo, beckoning to Noie, bade her faces of those slayers were veiled. O which grew quick and active and full of

the Zulus, and we will see what we can Then Dingaan beckoned to a man with queried Eddo. "Aye." answered Rachel, "I see much. nay! Breathe on the water thrice

So Mopo rose and began his story. He to yonder king and let him look. Perthe Zulus had thrice seen the spirit of the Rachel breathed on the water thrice. Inkosazana in the days of the "Black- rose like one in a trance and advancing one-who-was-gone." He told how many to Dingaan placed the brimming bowl with these magicians unless it is her will moons ago the white man. Ibubesi, had upon his knees. come to the Great Place speaking of a "Look, king, look," cried Eddo, "and beautiful white maiden who was known tell us if in what thou seest lies an Noie whispered in the ear of Rachel. by the name of the Inkosazana-y-Zoola, answer to the oracle of the Inkosazana."

was not as other maidens are, and how at first, as one who smells a trick. Then I who seek my spirit." he had been sent to see her and found his face changed. "By the head of the black one." he said, He told of the trapping of Noie and of that is the meaning of the riddle of the with his fists in fury. "Good, good," said the council. "Doubt-

Now the council was much disturbed, king by moonlight when she smelt out less it shall come to pass. natures as a substitute for the "canned for although there were great witch doc- Note. Now he was going on to speak of But the dwarf Eddo only smiled and tors among them, none had known magic the question put by Dingaan to the waved his hand. "Look once more, king," he said in his THE KING OF ARCADIA. By Francis brooding. Then he looked up and his fat gave to him, when one of the little men low, hissing voice, and Dingaan looked. Now his face darkened. "I see fire," You play pretty tricks, little men," he were asleep, blinking their eyes in the he said, "Yes, in this kraal. Umgugundhlovu burns, my royal house burns and "Surely thou forgettest something, yonder come the white men riding upon Eddo waved his hand, saving: "Look again and tell us what thou

Unwillingly enough, but as though he people dreaded the glare of the sun. of man there is a storm in prospect, that she spoke before her spirit left her away from the council of the king. Of could not resist, Dingaan looked and Sometimes she was borne along in a litter "I see a mountain whereof the top is

like the shape of a woman, and between Now when he heard this the councilor labor of the body seemed to soothe her "How is that?" asked the cashier. that has already cost the lives of three other, then they slid back to their places. The three dwarfs turned their heads who was named Mopo, he with the with- wandering and tormented mind, as did the "Well, you see the meter is wrong."

feet of a people traveling over plain they hurl him over, he falls headlong and

"Priest," whispered each of the little last of them a hair from this head of on my right is Pani and that on my left again in the circle of the councilors and he sees his own face. Priest, tell me now, Will not yonder king be hurled down this cleft? Is he not the star that falls?" And they nodded and smiled at each

> But Dingaan leapt up in his rage and terror and with him leapt up the councillors and witch doctors, all save he who was named Mopo, son of Makedama, who sat still gazing at the ground. Dingaan leapt up and seizing the bowl hurled it from him so that the water in it fell over Rachel like rain from the clouds. He leapt The little men sat still and Then they spoke to each other, saying: "He has sprinkled the white one with They nodded in assent and Eddo rose "Be gentle, king, walk softly, king. We and addressed the king in a new voice, that art but a bubble on a river of "The faces of the slayers were veiled,

Rachel received it and looked; as she of avengers whose faces are veiled, thy looked all the emptiness left her eyes riddle is read for thee as the mother of the trees decreed that it should be read.

Then the little men nodded to Noie and

Note, the witch, bring naught but ill."

But one of the council cried:

"I see people fighting in this kraal, white king, and as she went, followed by the

CHAPTER XIX. Rachel Finds Her Spirit. Northward, ever northward, journeyed

with Noie upon the shoulders of the huge slaves, but more often she walked be- From Puck. her knees is the mouth of a cave. Be- tween the litters in the midst of a guard "I have a serious criticism to offer against did any sickness touch her. Also this bill.

again, but all were so intent upon listen- Noie's voice. At times, however, her madhad scared the Zulus. Then Eddo would "I see a man, a fat man, come out of descend from his litter and lay his long story," and they smiled and nodded and the cave," went on Dingaan. "He seems to fingers on her forehead and look into her be wounded and weary, also his stomach eyes in such a fashion that she went to Now Mopo went on with his tale. He is sunken as though with hunger. Two sleep and was at peace. But if Noie spote told of the question of the king, how he other men seize him, a tall warrior with to her in these sleeps she answered her had asked the Inkosazana whether he muscles that stand out on his legs, and questions, and even talked reasonably, as footi laid the body of Richard at her feet. with her eyes; of how the meteor had cleft that is between the breasts of her and she stood upon the roof the hut which Ishmael strove to climb.

Thus it was that Noie came to learn all that had happened to her since they Heroes. parted, for though she had gathered much from them the Zulus could not, or would she had heard from Rachel of the lad Northwest. Richard Darrien, who had been her companion years before through that night of 2v. 1829. F83-H73. Richard, and that it was because of his States. 1907. F83-M226b. murder by the wild brute Ibubesi that she

had become mad. have let her go, whither else could she F844B-Q46. have gone, whose parents and lover were dead, except to the white people on the coast, who did not reverence the insane, of a French Settlement. as do all black folk, but would have

locked her up in a house with others like Washington. her until she died. No. although she knew that there were dangers before Savannah. 1889. F872S-W69. them, many and great dangers, Noie rejoiced that things had befallen thus. Also, in her tender care already Rachel improved much, and Noie believed that one day she would be herself again. Only she wished that she and her lady were B456s. alone together; that there were no priests with them, and, above all, no Eddo. For Eddo, as she knew well, was jealous of her authority over Rachel; jealous, too. the love that they bore one to the other. He wished to use this crazed white Eb663ag.

chieftainess who had been accented as Ebner-Eschenbach, Marie von. Bertram Vogel chieftainess, who had been accepted as their Inkosazana by the great Zulu peo- weld. ple, for his own purposes. This had been clear from the beginning, and that was why, when he first heard of her, he had Ec578mu. consented to go on the embassy to Din. gaan, since by his magic he could foresee much of the future that was dark to Noie, whose blood was mixed and who had not all the gifts of the ghost-kings. Moreover, the Mother of the Trees was Noie's great aunt, being the sister of her grandfather, or of his father-Noie was not sure which, for she had dwelt among them but a few days and never Thou who shalt perish at the hands thought to inquire of the matter. But of one thing she was sure, that Eddo, the Novellen. Y47F-H516vl. first priest, hated this Mother of the Trees, who was named Nya, and desired Doch. Y47F-H553u. well read, it is truly read, it shall that "when her tree fell" the next mother befall in its season. Now give to thy should be his servant, which Nya was not. servan's their reward and let them de- Perhaps, reflected Noie, it was in his Herre. part in peace. Give to them that white mind that her lady would fill this part, Jacobsen, Friedrich, Im Dienst, Y47F-J1528. one whose lost spirit spoke to thee from and, being mad, obey him in all things.

The water."

Still she kept a watch upon her words.

Y47F-J457cm. Still she kept a watch upon her words. "Take her." roared Dingaan, "take her and even on her thoughts, for Eddo and and begone, for to the Zulus she and his fellow-priests, Pani and Hana, were able to peer into human hearts and read their secrets. Also, she protected Rachel "The Inkosazana cannot be sent away from him as much as she was able, never leaving her side for a moment, however weary she might be, for she feared lest he should become the master of her will. Only when the fits of madness fell upon Rachel listened and answered: "Whether her mistress she was forced to allow a maiden who ruled the lightning and Dingaan stared at the water, angrily thou goest, Noie, thither I go with thee, Eddo to quell them with his touch and eye, since herself she lacked this power. So Noie took Rachel by the hand and nor dared she call the others to her help, led her from the council place of the for they were under the hand of Eddo, Northward, ever northward. First they "Wow!" he added, "save that the one men and Zulus, and the white men are ghost-priests and their escort, for the passed through the Zulus and their subwalked on air and the other on earth, mastered and the Zulus drag them out last time all the councilors rose up and ject tribes, who knew of them and of the to death. The Zulus conquer, O my peo- gave to her the royal salute. Only Din- Inkosazana. All of these were suffering Moreover as a spirit she seemed wise, ple. It is as I thought that it would be- gaan sat upon the ground and beat it from the curse that lay upon the land because, as they believed, there was blood Thus did the Inkosazana-y-Zoola de- between the Inkosazana and her people. part from the great place of the King of The locusts devoured their crops and the the Zulus, and Mopo, the son of Ma- plague ravaged their cattle, so that they kedama, shading his eyes with his hand, were terrified of her, and of the little watched her go from between his withered gray folk with whom she traveled, the wizards who had shown fearful things to Dingaan and left him sick with dread. They fled at their approach, only leaving Raign. a few of their old people to prostrate themselves before this Inkosazana, who R318am. wandered in search of her own spirit, and the dream-men. who dwelt with the Rachel with the ghost-priests; for days ghosts in the heart of a forest, and to and weeks they journeyed, slowly, and pray her and them to lift this cloud of for the most part at night, since these evil from the land, bringing gifts of such things as were left to them.

(To be continued tomorrow.) A Faulty Poem.

the body of a great man and the body of that she never seemed to weary, nor even Charge of the Light Brigade." said Ron-

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